

## JOE SMITH AND THE DEVIL.

[Continued.]

them; and that so far from this I deny the principle of a man's working miracles, either real or pretended, as a proof of his mission, and contend that miracles, if wrought at all, were wrought for benevolent purposes, and without being designed to convince the unbeliever. Why, then, do you resort to such silly stories in your opposition to me, seeing that you have many other advantages?—Not that I would complain of such weak opposition, as if it were calculated to hinder my progress, but rather to mention it as something well calculated to injure your own cause, by betraying your weakness, folly and meanness.

Devil (laughing)—Hah, hah, hah, eh, e. O! Mr. Smith; I just put out these stories for a joke, in order to have my own fun, and without the most distant idea, that any being on earth would be so silly as to give any credence to them; but judge my surprise and joy, when I found priests, editors, and people so depraved in their judgement and tastes, so novel with lies, and so ready to catch at every thing against their common enemy, as they call you, that these joke stories of ours, actually took in their credulous craniums for grave truths, and were passed about by them, and sought after and swallowed by the multitude as greedily as a young robin swallows a worm, when it is dropped into its mouth, which is stretched at full width, while its eyes are closed. So you see, Mr. Smith, that without meaning any particular harm to you, I have my fun, and am besides so unexpectedly fortunate as to reap great advantage from circumstances where I had neither expected or calculated. So I hope you will at least bear my folly, nor set down aught in malice, where no malice was intended. You know we devils are poor miserable creatures at best, and were it not for our fun, and our gambling, and our religious exercises, we would have nothing to kill time.

Smith—Well, well. I see plainly you will have a creep-out some how or other, rather than bear the disgrace and stigma which your conduct would seem to deserve. But forgetting the past, let me enquire what course you intend to pursue in the future, and whether this warfare between you and me, will still be prosecuted? And if so, what course do you intend to pursue hereafter? You know my course. I have long since taken the field at the head of a mere handful of brave patriots, who are true as the pole star, and firm as the rock of Gibraltar. They laugh at and despise your silly stories, and with nothing but a few plain simple weapons of truth and reason, aided by revelation, we boldly make war upon your whole dominion, and will never quit the field, dead or alive, till we win the battle, and deprive you of every foot of ground you possess. This is our purpose; and although your enemy, I am bold and generous enough to declare it. So you see I am not for taking any unwary advantage, notwithstanding all your pious tricks upon me and the public.

Devil—Mr. Smith, I am so much of the gentleman not to admire your generous frankness and your boldness, and too much of a christian not to appreciate your honesty; but as you commence this war, and I only acted at first on the defensive, with the pure motive of defending my kingdom, I think this ought in some degree at least to excuse the means I have made use of. And that you may have no reason to complain in future, I will now frankly open to you the plan of my future campaign. Here (pulling out his bundle of hand-bills) is what I was doing this morning, when by chance we met; and by the reading of which, you will see my course. Heretofore I have endeavored to throw contempt upon your course, in hopes to smother it and to keep it under, as something beneath the notice of us well-informed christians. For this cause I have generally caused it to be represented, that you were a very ignorant, silly man, and that your followers were made up of the unthinking, and vulgar, and not worthy of notice. But the fact is, you have made such rapid strides, and have poured forth such a torrent of intelligence, and gathered such a host of talented mad thinking men around you, that I can no longer conceal these facts under a bushel of burning lies, and therefore I now change my purpose and my manner of attack. I shall endeavor to magnify you and your success from this time forward, and to make you appear as much larger than the reality, as you have heretofore fallen short. If my former course has excited contempt, and caused you to be despised, and thus kept you out of notice, my future course will be to excite jealousy,

fear and alarm, till all the world is ready to arise and crush you, as if you were a legion of Sampsons, commanded by Bonaparte. This, I think, will be more successful in putting you down, than the ignoble course I have heretofore taken—so prepare for the worst.

Smith—I care as little for your magnifying powers, as I have heretofore done for your contempt; in fact, I will endeavor to go ahead to that degree, that what you will say in regard to my great influence and power, though intended by you for falsehood, shall prove to be true, and by so doing I shall be prepared to receive those whom you may excite against me, and to give them so warm a reception, that they will never discover your intended falsehood, but will find all your representations of my greatness to be a reality—so do your worst. I defy you.

Devil—Well, time will determine whether the earth is to be governed by a profit, and under the sway of truth, or, whether myself, and my christian friends will still prevail. But, remember Smith, remember, I beseech you for your own good, beware what you are doing. I have the Priests and Editors, with a few exceptions under thy control, together with wealth, popularity and honor. Count well the cost before you plunge again into this warfare. Good bye, Mr. Smith, I must away to raise my recruits and prepare for a campaign.

Smith—Good bye to your majesty.

(They both touch their hats and turn away.)

Devil—(Recollecting himself and suddenly turning back) O! say, Mr. Smith, one word more, if you please, (in a low and confidential tone, with his mouth close to his ear)—after all, what is the use of parting as enemies; the fact is, you go in for the wheat, and I for the tares. Both must be harvested; are not we fellow laborers? I can make no use of the wheat, nor you of the tares, even if we had them; we each claim our own. I for the burning, and you for the barn. Come, then, give the poor old Devil his due, and let's be friends.

Smith—Agreed; I neither want yours, nor you mine—a man free from prejudice will give the Devil his due. Come, here is the right hand of fellowship, you to the tares, and I to the wheat—(they shake hands cordially.)

Devil—Well, Mr. Smith, we have talked a long while, and are agreed at last—you are a noble and generous fellow; and would not bring a railing accusation against even a poor old Devil, nor cheat him of one cent. Come, it's a warm day, and I feel as though it is my treat. Let us go down to mammy Brewer's cellar and take something to drink.

Smith—Agreed, Mr. Devil, you appear very generous now.

(They enter the cellar together.)

Devil—Good morning, Mrs. Brewer; I make you acquainted with my good friend, Mr. Smith, the prophet. (The landlady smiling, and looking a little surprised) why, Mr. Devil, is that you; sit down, you're tired; but you don't say this is Mr. Smith, your greatest enemy?—I am quite surprised. What will you have, gentlemen, for if you can drink together, I think all the world ought to be friends.

Devil—As we are both temperance men, and ministers, I think perhaps a glass of spruce beer a piece will be all right—what say you, Mr. Smith.

Smith—As you please, your majesty.

(They now take the beer.)

Devil—(Holding up his glass)—Come, Mr. Smith, your good health, I propose we each offer a toast.

Smith—Well, proceed.

Devil—Here's to my good friend, Joe Smith; may all sorts of ill luck befall him, and may he never be suffered to enter my kingdom, either in time or eternity, for he would almost make me forget that I am a devil, and make a gentleman of me, while he gently overthrows my government, at the same time that he wins my friendship.

Smith—Here's to his satanic majesty, may he be driven from the earth, and be forced to put to sea in a stone canoe with an iron paddle, and may the canoe sink, and a shark swallow the canoe and its Royal freight, and an alligator swallow the shark, and may the alligator be bound in the north west corner of hell, and the door be locked, and the key lost, and a blind man hunting for it.

(Exit Devil, Prophet, and all.)

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Mr. Goodrich's house in Alleghany county, New York, took fire about eight o'clock on the evening of the 6th, after the family went to bed. The fire was not discovered until after the kitchen was in flames, and three of the six children perished. Mr. G. himself was badly burned.

## CONJUGAL FELICITY.

Mr. Slang used to say, "my horse, my boys."—Mr. Slang now invariably says "our horses, our boys," or "our farm." This substitution of *our* for *my*, by Mr. Slang was brought about thus.

Mr. Slang had just married a second wife—on the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, "I now intend to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our, screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker."

"My dairy," vociferated the husband. "Our dairy, our dairy!" rejoined the wife, emphasising each word with a blow upon the back of the cowering husband.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. Mr. Slang remained several minutes waiting for a call. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" said she. "I'm looking, my dear," snivelled he, to see if I can see anything of *our* hat." The struggle was over. It was *our* horses, *our* dairy; and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might wear *our* clean breeches to church.

A BOY OF EIGHT YEARS DRUNK AND DEAD.—We learn by the Jersey City Advertiser that Martin O'Donnell, a lad of only eight years, died suddenly on Sunday morning in consequence of being excessively intoxicated the day previous, causing convulsions and exposure!

A CARO OF NORTON.—The brig Pandora, cleared for Barbadoes from Boston, with 175 tons of ice, 75 barrels of apples, 10 half barrels of turpentine, as many of carrots, 507 pounds of fresh beef, 325 cabbages, 29 bushels of oysters, and 500 bushels of onions.

The Buffalo Gazette relates that during the fire in that city lately, a police officer observed a woman making a great display of hushing an apparent child, which she held snugly to her bosom, enveloped in a cloak. On being questioned by the officer as to what she had there, she replied, "a darling baby, almost froze," but a peep under the cloak detected a fine roll of dry goods, instead of the "darling baby."

A newly married couple from down east were taking their nocturnal repose, and talking over matters and things, when a heavy thunder clap and vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash caused the loving couple to start as though they had received electric shock. Jonathan, throwing his arms around his dear, exclaimed—"Hug up to me, Liz; let's die like men!"

## Administrator's Sale of REAL ESTATE

BY ORDER of the County Court of Pike County, made at the February term 1845, the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Samuel Layson deceased, will offer for sale, at public auction, on a credit of 12 months before the Court House door, in the Town of Bowling-Green, on the third day of the ensuing term of the Circuit Court for said County, and during the session of said Court, the North East quarter of section 22, in Township 52, North of Range one East of the fifth principal meridian, containing 169 sixty-two hundredths acres more or less, belonging to the Estate of said deceased. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money.

J. H. HUGHES, Admr's  
W. W. WATTS, }  
February 15th, 1845. 4w3

## LOUISIANA STEAM MILL.

Corn Ground at Four cents per Bushel! THE SUBSCRIBERS are now grinding Corn at four cents per Bushel, payable in Cash or Produce, at market price, or will exchange Corn meal for Corn, Bushel per Bushel.

G. W. JENKS & Co.  
January 18th, 1845. 4w10.

## BLAKSMITHING.

THE subscriber would inform the public, that he has commenced the above business, in Bowling-Green, in the shop formerly occupied by Jas. McSoley, where the farmers and others can at all times, have their work done on reasonable terms. All kinds of produce will be taken in payment for work, at fair prices.

H. N. WILBUR.  
Bowling-Green, Jan. 11, 1845. 3m9

## JOB WORK.

Done at low rates at this Office.

## THE THOROUGH BRED JACK, Duncan.

HAVING purchased a large and thorough bred Jack for the purpose of improving the stock in this section of the State, breeders are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves.

He will stand the ensuing season at my farm, four miles south east of Bowling Green. For further particulars, see hand bills in due time.

JOHN SOUTH.  
February 15th, 1845.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE CHEROKEE ADVOCATE.

THE CHEROKEE NATION, PROPRIETOR.—WILLIAM ROSS, EDITOR.

THE above is the title of a newspaper, published at TABLE QUAIL, Cherokee nation, the first number of which was issued about the middle of August last.

The object of the council of the nation, in providing for the publication of the Cherokee Advocate, is the physical, moral and intellectual improvement of the Cherokee people.—It will be devoted to these ends, and to the defence of those rights recognized as belonging to them in treaties legally made, at different times with the United States, and of such measures as seem best calculated to secure their peace and happiness, promote their prosperity, and elevate their character as a distinct community.

In commencing and sustaining a public journal in the nation, its success must depend very much upon the kind feelings, liberality and patronage of the citizens of the United States. Among them we are assured there exists generally a desire that the Indians should be dealt with upon just and liberal principles, a lively sympathy in their chequered career, and a deep interest in their character, condition and destiny. Ignorance of their condition, opinions, and claims, has been to them a fountain of many wrongs; a fountain from which they have been forced to drink many bitter draughts.

From this cause, measures of policy in themselves unjust, and highly destructive to their peace and prospects, have been conceived and persisted in to their accomplishments, with singular pertinacity, by those from whom they have a right to expect and claim protection. It will therefore, be the aim of those having charge of the Advocate, to enlighten public sentiment, as far as possible, as to the feelings, wishes and proper expectations of the Cherokees.

And while it is intended to make the paper national in its one and character, abstaining from all partisanship in the internal politics of the nation, it will nevertheless be open to full but courteous discussions of any measures of policy on the part of the United States, which touch upon or effect the rights and interests, not only of the Cherokees, but also of their red brethren.

In making an appeal to the citizens of the United States for their friendly aid in the undertaking, we fell sanguine that it will not be in vain.

The history of the Indian tribes, but most especially that of the Cherokees, is replete with incidents at once striking and commanding. The mystery that shrouds their origin, their former warlike character, their manly freedom, their firm adherence to their natural and political rights, their fond attachment to their homes,—the homes of their fore-fathers, their rude explosion from those homes their sudden transition from savages to civilized life, their rapid improvement in education, agriculture and the domestic arts, their present condition, and the influence which, from their location, friendship and intercourse, they must and will exert over the great Indian population, extending north and south along the whole western borders of the United States, and back to the Rocky Mountains, cannot fail to kindle a lively interest in the breast of the philanthropist, awaken a general thirst for more familiarity with them, and arouse "their protectors" to the important, but often apparently forgotten fact, that they have no trifling duty to perform towards this people.

## TERMS:

The Cherokee Advocate will be printed on an imperial sheet, with new type, both English and Cherokee, once every week, at \$3 per annum, payable in advance. And to those subscribers, who read only the Cherokee language, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Cherokee Nation, Sept., 1844.  
WILLIAM P. ROSS.

## FOR SALE,

THREE Lots in Bowling Green, with comfortable buildings thereon, and several tracts of Land near the town upon a credit of one and two years. For further information enquire at the Banner Office.  
30th January, 1845. 1

## Our New Volume.

### MOST MAGNIFICENT PREMIUMS!

### Great Inducements to Clubs!

ON the 16th of March, 1844, commenced the Fourteenth Volume of his Universal Family Newspaper, "The Philadelphia Saturday Courier," the Proprietors of which, confidently relying upon the uprightness, judiciousness, and independence of its course, ever since it came into their possession, as ample guarantee for the future, offer for the present volume the following unequalled Premiums and inducements to Clubs.

To Postmasters, Agents, and others.

### PREMIUMS.

For one hundred new subscribers to the 14th volume, with the subscription price, (\$2 each) in advance, we will give as a Premium a complete copy of Audobon's Great Work—the Birds of America!! (Selling price, \$100.) Library Companies or Literary Societies, may easily obtain this great Premium for their Institutions.

For fifteen new names, with \$2 each, a copy of Harper's Magnificently Illustrated Pictorial Bible, with sixteen hundred engravings!

For ten new names, with \$2 each, a copy of the Encyclopedia of Geography, an invaluable work of 1300 pages.

For eight new names, and \$2 each, a copy of Thiers' Great History of the French Revolution, or Scott's Novels, entire.

For Fifteen Dollars, ten copies of the Courier will be sent one year, and a copy of The Farmers Encyclopedia, with 1100 pages of invaluable knowledge for Farmers, innumerable explanatory cuts, &c., or a copy of Sparks' Life of Washington, with 14 plates.

All these works are in a form to send by mail. Postmasters are allowed by law to frank orders and money for newspapers.

### CLUBS AND CLUBBING.

For the purpose of facilitating the formation of Clubs, of new and old subscribers, now in arrears, we offer the following

### EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS.

Three copies of the Saturday Courier 1 year, or one copy for three years, 10

7 copies of the Saturday Courier, 15

17 do do do 20

Two copies of the Saturday Courier 1 year, & one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's, the Ladies' National Magazine, or the Lady's Magazine, (late Miss Leslie's) 5

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, and 2 copies of Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's or either of the other Magazines, 10

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book or Graham's Magazine, and one of either of the other Magazines, 10

Five copies of the Saturday Courier, and one copy of Frost's new Pictorial History of America, a \$5 book, 10

In fact, whatever offer is made, by any other Family Journal, at all approaching in worth, beauty, or pretensions, to the Saturday Courier, will be furnished by us.

A. M. MAKIN & E. HOLDEN, Publishers, No. 97, Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

### The Climax of Cheapness!

### THE BOSTON NOTION

OR UNIVERSAL FAMILY JOURNAL, Only \$1 per year.

WHEN TAKEN IN CLUBS OF TEN!

ON the first of January, 1844, the price of the Boston Notion was reduced to only One Dollar per annum, when taken in Clubs of Ten.

Four copies, \$5 per annum—1 copy \$2 per annum. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. This very great reduction from the former price of the Notion makes it emphatically the cheapest paper published in the world! Its Mammoth Dimensions taken into consideration renders it one hundred per cent. cheaper than its cotemporaries, the New World and Brother Johnathan, and fifty per cent. cheaper than any of the Dollar Weekly's! Nothing but an extraordinary large edition—say 20 to 30,000—warrants this extraordinary cheapness.

The Notion is printed on extra-fine paper, and in superior style, and continues the same wide range of literary novelties and general news as heretofore. Novels, Tales, Romances, Scientific and Religious matter—Agriculture, Oddities and Fun for the Million—Splendid Illustrations engraved expressly for the paper—Congressional Reports and the General News of the Day—continues to form the general weekly ingredients of its columns. There is each week something in it to suit every taste; and nothing of an objectionable character will ever be allowed to tarnish its columns. It is in all respects the

most valuable and unexceptionable Family Newspaper in the United States!!

The first number under this new arrangement was published on Saturday, Jan. 6, 1844, and in that number was commenced a Laughing moving Novel, being a humorous companion to Valentine Vox; which work alone rendered the Boston Notion when it was first established the most popular weekly in the United States. This new novel is entitled

### SYLVESTER SOUND,

The Somnambulist.

By the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." The chapters each week are embellished with a highly finished illustration representing the humorous scenes in the work. The author in his preface says—"The character of the work will be essentially humorous; but as the thrilling as well as the laughter-moving scenes a Somnambulist may create are innumerable, the object proposed is to excite alternately the deepest interest and the most joyous mirth, by the portrayal of the extraordinary positions in which a man who acts upon his dreams may be placed, and the highly ridiculous terror he may inspire." From the chapters we have published of this novel, we are satisfied it will be more popular than was "Valentine Vox." It is now in course of publication in London, and we have made arrangements to receive the different numbers in advance of all others, so the public may rest assured that we shall not be forestalled by any other paper in its publication.

Another new feature of the Notion is the publication occasionally of a number of humorous cuts after the style of the London Punch. These will all be engraved in the finest style, and will never be offensive in their character.

With these increased improvements and attractions, and the very great reduction in prices, being one-half, we again launch the Boston Notion upon the sea of Popular Favor, and feel assured it will quickly arrive at the harbor of Triumphant Success.

Orders should be addressed to the undersigned. Postmasters permitting us an order for Ten copies shall be entitled to an extra copy for their own use.

Back numbers of the Notion from the commencement of "Sylvester Sound," will be furnished to all new subscribers.

GEORGE ROBERTS, Publisher Boston Notion, No. 3 and 5, State St., Boston.

### List of Letters,

REMAINING in the Post-office at Bowling Green, Mo., on the 31st day of December, 1844; which if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post office as dead letters:

Eleanor Adams,	John Cross,
James W. Brown,	Perry Curry,
Dalton & Hare,	Henderson Lawrence,
Wm. T. Dunn,	H. Early,
Eliza Fields,	N. J. Fullerton,
John Givens,	John Hawkins,
Samuel Kirkham,	J. Lalor,
John McKee,	John McQuie,
George Smith,	Wm. W. Staley,
Thos. Stubblefield,	John Scott,
Robert Wallace,	Wm. Treadway,
Sally Wilberger,	John C. Welborn,
	Henry Wootin,

H. G. EDWARDS, P. M.  
January 4th, 1844. 3w8

### Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has obtained of the Clerk of the County Court of Pike County, letters of Administration on the estate of Wm. H. Tinsley, dec'd, bearing date Nov. 28th, 1844, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within three years, they will be forever barred.

CHARLES BACON, Admr.  
December 14th, 1844. 3w—6

### Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has obtained of the Clerk of the County Court of Montgomery Co., letters of Administration on the estate of Anthony T. Williams, dec'd, bearing date Nov. 1, 1844, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to exhibit them properly authenticated, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from having any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within three years, they will be forever barred.

THOS. J. WILLIAMS, Admr.  
December 21, 1844. 3w7.

### Spanish and Mele Segars,

MANUFACTURED and constantly on hand and for sale at St. Louis prices, by J. Linder, Louisiana, Pike county, Mo.

December 14th, 1844. 6